

TOKYOPOP

HETALIA

Axis Powers



ISSUE 1



HETALIA

Axis Powers

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There once was a man of legendary strength.

**He was thought to be even more powerful
than Germany or England.**

But then...something went wrong.

**This is the story of Hetalia and his
delightful friends from around the world.**

This is a work of fiction.
Any similarity or likeness to any people,
historical events or countries in the world
is purely coincidental...seriously!



Meeting of the World

All right guys, time to start the world meeting!

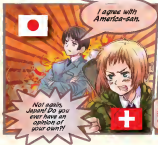
Let's join hands and solve all the world's problems, one by one!



Don't be afraid to voice your honest opinion!



We've learned a lot over the years, so if we all work together, there's nothing we can't overcome!



I agree with American-san.

Not again, Japan! Do you ever have an opinion of your own?!



Let's start by tackling the issue of global warming. I know that's a hot topic right now, but I think we can keep it in check if we create a giant hero to protect the planet.

By the way, nobody is allowed to disagree with me.



Make up your mind!!

I disagree with both America and England!



I object! This plan has no basis in reality, whatsoever!

And it's not "learned," you git! It's "learn!" It's a disgrace to the Queen's English!



Bring it! Let Big Brother show you how to rumble!

Sit down! I'm going to rip that scruffy goatee right off of your chin!

Sigh. Not again-aru.

Calm down, guys!



I'll show you *reformed*, you white-loving ninnys!

Is disagreeing with me your hobby or something?! Don't you have a better way to spend your time?

Both your opinions are so unrefined. Unlike the two of you, I'm a gentleman.



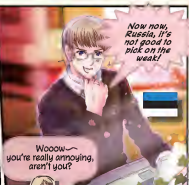
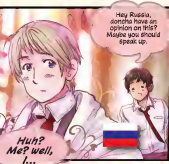
We don't want any!

Are they free?



You're all so childish! Can't you eat like adults for once?

Why don't you chew on some snacks and calm down, all right-aru?



Waaaah!
Nobody
wants my
snacks-aru!

Shut your
mouth, or I'll
subjugate you
for another
100 years!

Please calm
down...

Hahaha! Nice
fight, you two!
Now does anyone
have any hamburgers?
I'm starving!

Oh no you
don't, Yankee!
Big Brother's
going to teach
you a lesson!

You don't
want another *Der
Kongress* tanst do
you? Can't we sit
down and talk like
respectable human
beings?!

Germany...

**EVERYONE
SHUT UP!**

This meeting
was to solve
problems, not
create new ones!



After the *Kongress* treaty ("Congress Peace") after the death of Napoleon, the European leaders met at Vienna to determine the future of their war-torn nations. However, the meeting was made fun of because the members ended up drinking as much as talking.

All right,
everyone look
to your seats.
I'll be running this
meeting from
now on.

Y-you're right.
Forgive me, I
lost myself in the
excitement.

Heh. Well, as
long as you understand.
And no more 100-year
subjugations.



Those who wish to speak must support their opinions with valid research and data!

Each speaker will be given eight minutes and not a second longer! And absolutely, NO CHATTING!



Germany, you look like you're ready to murder someone.

That settles it. Whenever you're prepared to speak, raise your hand.

Even though you're not compromising at all...

I think that's a wonderful compromise, Germany.

Hmph. Very well. I give you permission to speak, Italy.

OH, ME ME!
LET ME GO!





**Created by
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HAMBURG // LONDON // LOS ANGELES // TOKYO

Prologue

Long, long ago
there was said to be a
man who conquered
the Mediterranean and
gained all of the
world's wealth.

His name was
"The Roman Empire."





But despite his
wealth, his fame,
his many servants...

...and his vast
tracts of land...



...simply
disappeared.

...one day, this
man who had
the world in
the palm of
his hand...



[Wurst] German sausage. Stuffed into animal casings. It is said to have been created by nomadic tribes from Northwestern China and passed down to Europe.





Please don't
shoot! I'll do
anything!
Anything!
Forgive
meeee!

Waaaah!
I'm sorry!
I'm soooooory!
I'm not really
a tomato fairy
at all!



There's no way the
descendants of the
Roman Empire could
be so pathetic!

Is this
really the
guy I'm
supposed
to be at
war with?

I'm just an ordinary
man! I have
relatives in
England!

You
wouldn't
want to kill
an innocent
virgin,
would
you?



Answer
me one
thing.

Are you
really my
enemy? A
descendant
of the great
Rome?

Don't I
get a last
meal? Can't
I eat pasta
before I
dieeee?!

Wait, there's no
meal! Just wait
again! What the
hell is this?!

He's
probably
just an
ordinary
citizen, like
me and

This can't
be right!
There must
be some
sort of
mix-up.

["I have relatives in..."] This was a line frequently used by Italians to try to avoid getting killed.
(Example: To an American soldier, one would say, "I have a relative in Brooklyn.") So what?



This useless little twerp is really Italy?

I thought you were pretty scary at first, but if you know Grandpa, you can't be that bad!



Huh...? You know Grandpa Rome?

I'm Italy... Rome's grandson. I'm a delightful scamp who loves pizza and pasta!



I just wanna be frie—
yashihshshsh!

YOU CAN'T TRICK ME, YOU PASTA-LOVING DUMMKOPF!



He's putting up an innocent front to catch me off guard! That little bastard!

(No!) This is obviously a trap!



At the time, Germany had no idea this encounter would change his very destiny.

Meg!?





North Italy

[Official Name]
 Repubblica Italiana
 [Capital] Rome
 [Official Language] Italian
 [Birth day]
 March 17th, 1861 (Italy unified)
 [National Flower]
 Daisy

The descendant of the powerful Roman Empire, he somehow fails to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather. His full name is Italy Veneziano.

Frequently spacing out, excessively expressive and prone to fits of whining and crying, he can often be found flailing his arms and legs needlessly. He also has a tendency to hum, sing, speak irresponsibly and teach people a little too much. Despite these numerous vices, the other countries in the world are strangely tolerant of him.

His hobbies include art, design, cooking and taking selfies. He is known to love pasta, pizza and cheese.

*"I'll do anything
 you say, just
 don't hit me!"*



HETALIA AND HIS MERRY FRIENDS



South Italy

[Official Name]
 Repubblica Italiana
 [Capital] Rome
 [Official Language] Italian
 [Birth day]
 March 17th, 1861 (Italy unified)
 [National Flower]
 Daisy

Another descendant of the powerful Roman Empire, he also fails to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather. His full name is Italy Romano.

Even after unification, he is not on good terms with his brother, perhaps due to the fact that they were separated for many years.

Although he is cheery and kind towards women, he tends to be less tolerant of men including himself. Of course, in particular, he is openly rude to Germany and France. Generally clumsy and incompetent, he is surprisingly good at pickpocketing. His culture, sense of taste and even personality have been passed down from Spain. He loves pasta and tomatoes. His hobbies include flirting, farming, cooking and taking selfies.

**Eat lead, you
 potato-sucking
 bastard!"*



HETALIA AND HIS MERRY FRIENDS



Germany

(Official Name) Bundesrepublik Deutschland
(Capital) Berlin
(Official Language) German
(Birthday) Unknown
(National Flower) Blue Cornflower

"Not you again!"

While the rest of Europe was flourishing, Germany was impoverished by constant war. Surrounded by the self-absorbed Austria and the sexually-aggressive France, he is forced into a tormented lifestyle. To make matters worse, he is frequently harassed by both his tyrannical boss* and Italy.

Germany is excessively serious, always following rules and regulations to the letter. However, after a few beers, he begins to let loose, allowing his pent-up frustrations to explode. He is judgmental at everything he does, but technologically illiterate. For example, every time he uses a GPS, he is struck with a sudden urge to use the bathroom. His hobbies include saving money, cleaning, baking and walking his dog.

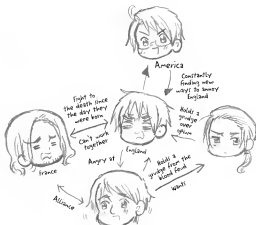
Although he would never admit it, he loves to tour around Italy.



*Boss: Meaning, the Führer



A quick summary of the global climate.





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